

"SHALL THE REPUBLIC LIVE?" THE REAL ISSUE.

Henry George Explains the More Vital Principles at Stake in the Election.

"Special Privilege and Democratic Freedom the Real Forces, Aligned Under the Banners of Gold and of Silver."

"Trusts Not Worried About the Currency, but About the Continuance of Their Political Power—No Man Should Be Scared by the Child's Cry of 'Ghosts.'"

BY HENRY GEORGE.

I shall vote to-morrow for William J. Bryan with firmer confidence and a clearer conviction of duty than I have ever yet voted with for any Presidential candidate since my first vote was cast for Abraham Lincoln. I shall vote for him, rejoicing in the opportunity to do so; not because he is the Democratic candidate, for I think of parties as but roads that the wise man follows only as they lead in the way he would have the nation take.

I shall vote for him not simply because I believe he will be elected; for I am used to political defeat and know that right is not always with majorities.

I shall vote for him not that I completely share his views on the currency question; for I do not. Nor yet that I perfectly agree with the rest of the platform on which he stands; for I find in it what seem to me mistakes both of omission and commission, and could not look for a platform that would suit me in everything unless I could write it myself.

Nor shall I vote for Bryan simply because his life and character and bearing show him fit to represent the American people; for I hold that, despite its abuse, there is wisdom in the motto of "principles, not men."

Nor shall I vote for him with any hope that the golden age that to my faith waits only man's acquiescence in God's laws will come with his election; nor yet from any fear that the temporary success of the elements banded behind his opponent must mean their ultimate triumph. It is not in one battle that such great issues as, to my mind, are involved in this election, are finally lost or won.

I have never shaken hands with Bryan, nor spoken or written to him since his nomination, or rather since the day when even the hostile audience in the Chicago convention burst into surges of applause and the standards of the West and the South circled around the standard of Nebraska, while big, great-hearted Tom Johnson, his face brimming with delight, threw his arm around me, and with a gesture to the gallery, exclaimed: "And there, too, is his little wife seeing and hearing it all!" Yet I feel to him now that affection which he whose years have begun to fit him better for counsel than for action feels to the young man who steps to the front of the fight.

Yet I shall feel no sorrow for Bryan if my belief in his election be disappointed. He has carried himself well. That is all that is in the power of man. For to us, born woman, it is not given at the time to know more. It is the lesson of history, as it is the lesson of personal life, that what is the immediate event we most desire often proves evil, and what we most fear often proves good. All we as men can do is to act well our little part in the great world drama in which we have our entrances and exits. As for the rest, as the old saying is, "That is the business of Jupiter; mine."

And so, if I am mistaken about the result to-morrow's election, I shall not despair. Four years ago to-day I was an ardent of the election of Grover Cleveland and as I am now of the election of William J. Bryan. Four years ago to-morrow my judgment was approved and my hope fulfilled. It was a deep and solemn joy to me a State after State swept into the growing column its votes for the man who, to my mind, represented, though timidly and falteringly, the saving principle of Jefferson against the destructive principle of Hamilton. I thought, not that the Republic was saved, but that the life that was steadily and rapidly undermining the vital principles that alone made it worthy of the name of a democratic republic had been turned. Yet, when my hope was fully consummated, and I saw the man from whom I had expected so much ride along Pennsylvania avenue, the recipient of the highest honor ever yet accorded by the American people to a human being—that of second-time resident in three successive elections; at that moment the most powerful of living men—I raised my hat with gloomy doubts.



LIVING DEATH IN INSANE ASYLUM.

Elizabeth Williams, Dumb, Deaf, Was Mourned for Seven Years.

Her Sister, a Deaf Mute, Too, Was "Officially" Informed of Her Death.

But the Poor Old Woman Had Been Transferred from One Asylum to Another.

FOUND BY CHANCE BY TWO MUTES

Physicians Have No Explanation for the Case Except That in Some Way Two Patients Were Mistaken for Each Other.

These remarkable facts tell of an old woman who practically has been buried alive for nine years in an insane asylum. She is deaf and dumb, so that her griefs, her hopes—if hope ever illumined that darkened soul—were buried with her.

She thought her sister was dead; her sister, the only tie that bound her to the world beyond her prison and her grave. That sister, deaf and mute, too, for seven years thought the imprisoned one was dead. These two old women embraced each other yesterday and mingled their silent but joyful tears.

John Williams, a widower, long lived on North Park street, East Orange, N. J. With him dwelt his daughters, Elizabeth and Harriet. Williams was a deaf mute, nor could his daughters speak or hear. But they were happy and hospitable and many

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SANCTIONED BY THE CZAR.

Bismarck's Revelations Apparently Instigated by Russia's Ruler—No Court-Martial.

By Henry W. Fischer.
Berlin, Nov. 1.—I possess the highest authority for stating that the court-martialing of Prince Bismarck, which the London papers announce as a fact, never was even contemplated by the German Government. Moreover, it is positively asserted that the Czar himself encouraged Bismarck to make the revelations which he did in order to dampen French enthusiasm and to correct the Kaiser's English leanings.

COOK COUNTY FOR BRYAN.

Chairman Hinrichsen Tells Democratic Leaders in Illinois That Chicago Is Now All Right.

Chicago, Nov. 1.—State Chairman Hinrichsen to-night sent the following message to Democratic leaders throughout the State:

"By arrangements just made we have secured Cook County by a small majority. Do your duty and the victory is ours."

CANDIDATE BRYAN ONCE MORE AT HOME.

Julian Hawthorne's Pen Picture of the Silver Leader at Lincoln, Neb.

A Quiet and Restful Sunday Enjoyed with His Family After His Long and Arduous Speech-Making Journey.

Picturesque Welcome Given by Rough Riders at Junction—Great Crowd of Enthusiasts at Council Bluffs.

Bryan's Advice to Chairman Jones.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 1.—The following dispatch has been sent by Mr. Bryan to Senator Jones:

Hon. James K. Jones, Chairman National Democratic Committee, Chicago, Ill.:

I suggest that you urge all members of silver clubs throughout the United States to give the entire day Tuesday, if possible, to our cause. In States where the bolting Democrats have been allowed to use the party name it will be necessary for our people to wage against the deception, and at all polling places they will meet the misrepresentations which may be circulated too

answered by our speakers or through the press. The gold syndicate and the trusts are fighting for we must be prepared to meet them at every point.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

AS DESCRIBED BY

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 1.—The most picturesque scene of this trip was at Council Bluffs, where no town, only a few sheds and a few men were to be seen. It was dusk, and we saw a crowd of people gathered together, forty men on horseback, with their hands. They were typ riders, such as one sees in Russia. "Congress," most of them bestriding dilette steeds and all born horsemen. They lined up in double file, the horses dancing impatiently and starting at the steam of our engine; the riders tossing their slosh hats and firing off their guns, while the red torchlight glowed and gleamed on their homely accoutrements.

Meanwhile on the other side of the way clustered the crowd below the car platform, thick as bees swarming, sending out their yell of welcome in a wild diapason. You might have thought the train was held up by a band of highwaymen, but it was, on the contrary, the local population of American farmers, assembled to greet and listen to immortal principles of law, justice and humanity, uttered by one of the strongest and purest men in our history, backed by this power and confidence of the mightiest of nations, and oh! what a rousing speech

The American idea of his bones, and his those sordid an which aim to crush tall suffrage and finally to reduce bodies the best a men throughout the the offgarchies an ger to curse the sphere. The temperatu through the da Bluffs, haunted a yell of nameless seen in the flash lowed up in the al decree of the Legi nature's lay, who on the banks of a Iowa from Nebraska awaited us here mado insecure of pro bers, of course, could there was a triumph of the people's welce nificance different, fa age and menacing not al. The men of Io a fine, hardy, wholes figures and tanned are cordial and inde you straight in the fa pression that they live their opinions, such as air of the prairies, ar bled by tens of thous of silver.

A Tornado

I have so often with packed and struggling irresistible as a landslide where Bryan appears, I posed the spectacle con features. Yet the dem these Nebraskans star afresh, there was vigor in it, such m single-heartedness, su nado of acclaim. Mo ground, the broad we the crowd turmoled at its whole enormousness a single glance, and the intense lights enabled magnific and multiply ere In addition there wep clanger of music and the rockets, and ever and volley of explosions did not at first cons All this while Bry platform of the car was to convey h of speeches, if away or a f been mor

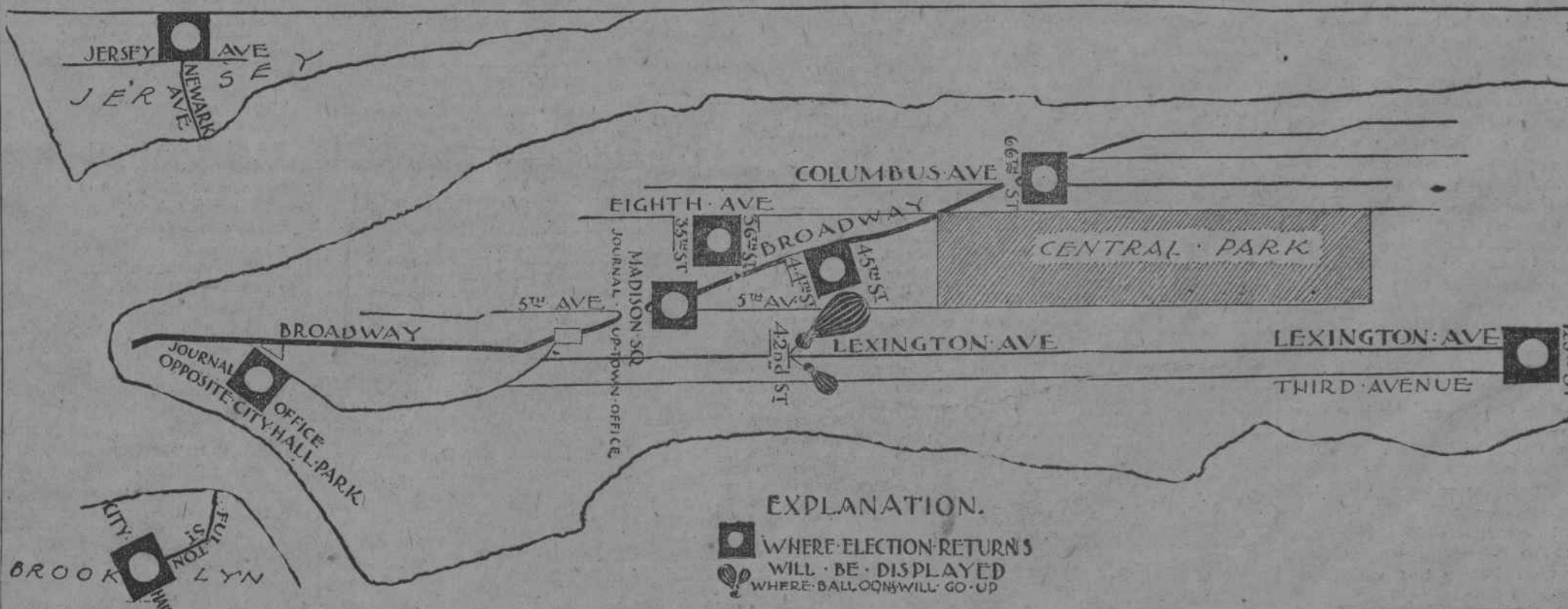


Rescued from an Insane Asylum by Deaf Mutes.

For seven years Elizabeth Williams, old, deaf, dumb and nearly blind, had been in the Essex County Asylum, in New Jersey. She had been transferred from the Morris Plains Asylum without the knowledge of her sister, Mrs. Harriet Ackley, her only living relative. Mrs. Ackley, indeed, was officially informed by Dr. Harris, of the Morris Plains Asylum, that her sister was dead and buried. Two deaf mutes visiting the Essex Asylum found the old woman accidentally and identified her. The meeting of the two deaf mute sisters was most affecting. The only explanation is that at the Morris Plains Asylum, seven years ago, Mrs. Williams was "mixed" with another patient who died.



READ THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION IN THE SKY.



Where to Go to Watch the Count—The Journal Will Give the First News, and the Bulletins Will Be Accurate.

This map indicates where the Journal will give the earliest and most accurate bulletins of the progress of the count to-morrow night. From the Grand Central Palace, corner of Forty-third street and Lexington avenue, a monster balloon will be sent up half a mile and held there. On this balloon will be an enormous star—a beautiful constellation of many colored lights, visible from all over this section of the country. Apart from its purpose of heralding the stages of the count and giving the first news of the result of the election, this gorgeous, blazing, splendid flare will be the most striking thing of the election spectacle.

At various points in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, the biggest bulletin screens ever stretched will tell how the battle goes. There will be stereopticon-kinescope exhibitions, and some startling new inventions of the sort never seen before in America will keep the interest and enthusiasm at fever heat until the last bulletin is flashed, and it is known who the next President of the United States will be.

Stereopticon bulletins will be shown at the Journal's main office, at City Hall Park; at Madison square, the Journal's uptown office; at No. 512 Eighth avenue; at Sixty-sixth street and Columbus avenue; at No. 133 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street; at Hammurstein's Olympia.

Also in Brooklyn at the City Hall, and in Jersey City at the corner of Jersey and Newark avenues.

The Journal's bulletins will be the earliest and will be absolutely accurate. Full details of the stereopticon and other features, and the code by which the